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THE STAMPEDE.

Do you like horses?
Well, so do I;
But I look out, though,
When a storm is nigh:
They lose their wits,
And are crazy then;
I suppose it's because
They are so like men.

Did you ever see 'em
Out on the Plains
Capture a mustang?
It's worth your pains:
You throw for the head,
And catch the same;
Then blow in his nostrils
The creature is tame!

But about being scared?
I was going to say

A herd of wild horses,
Maddened with fear,
Were coming upon us—
Were close in our rear!

I wheeled my horse round,
I hardly knew why,—
Pulled him up, and waited
The death that was nigh!
What mad tossing manes—
What light in their eyes—
What plunges,—what swiftness—
What terrible cries!

I rose in my stirrups,
And gave a wild yell;
Picked out the head stallion,
Fired—and he fell!
They parted,—went round us,
We escaped! Indeed?
But I made up my mind—
No more stampede!

—S. Lang.

and in which, when they were not in use, we youngsters used to swing. It was a favorite corner till the day when we were driven to the mill: we haunted it less, after that, though we rather liked it; at last—we swung no more! The smithy had lost its charm, and Vulcan himself could not have drawn us thither, even to see the cattle of King Admetus shod.

We took to the mill. It was on the side of the village road, which wound down to the edge of the sea. A little river, running from somewhere inland, broadened into a small lake, and narrowed again as it neared the mill dam. The water there was still, and dark, and was believed to be very deep. The village boys used to drop their lines into it, and there were traditions that pickerel were sometimes caught therein. Those who were not piscatorially inclined, and we were of the number, loved to stand and watch the old wheel—that treadmill which the river was forced to turn on its way to the sea, and which turned



THE OLD MILL.—A. KESSLER.

That horses in storms
Is no child's play:
Old trappers know it,
And fight 'em shy,
When thunder begins
To growl in the sky.

I was riding once,
When a tempest came;
The sky and the earth
Was a sheet of flame:
My good horse trembled
In every limb:
'Twas enough for me—
Too much for him!

I gave him the spur,
And dropped the rein;
I don't care to take
That ride again!
Phew!—how he flew,
Outrunning the wind—
Till I suddenly felt
There was something behind!

I turned in my saddle,
And saw by the glare
Of the blinding lightning
That something *was* there!

THE OLD MILL.

EVERY man whose childhood has been passed in the country, or who has had some—no matter how small—experience of child-life outside of cities, must remember some one haunt that is dearer to him than all others. It is not apt to be the school-house, though it may be on rare occasions; it may possibly be the playground, in which he used to pitch buttons, shoot marbles, and spin his top; it is likely to be the blacksmith's shop; it is certain to be the mill. We wavered between the last two, for a short time, in our childish days. One of our earliest recollections, perhaps the earliest of outdoor life, is of a village blacksmith's shop. It stood back from a dusty country road, and was, we have no doubt now, the merest apology for what it assumed to be. There was a little forge in one corner, behind which we tugged, when we were allowed, as a great favor, to expend our wind in raising that of the bellows. In another corner was a stall wherein oxen were shod, the charm of which was two broad leathern bands, which were used to hoist the oxen up so that they could not kick,

and turned from morning to night, on busy days, dripping diamonds all the while. They glittered, and disappeared, and glittered again, an inexhaustible Golconda. This was the mill from without. Within all was dark and strange, to our dazzled eyes, and we were never weary of peering through the open door, beyond which we heard the clatter of something, and saw the miller flitting round, covered with white dust. There were meal-sacks on the floor, and meal was pouring from somewhere, through a hopper, into other sacks. All was meal, and mealy.

We took to the mill hugely, and took away a huge deal of the mill in the shape of meal-dust on our garments, which would retain it when we tried to brush it off on the way home. It told the tale of where we had been loitering, and led to another drubbing of our jackets.

The German mill in our illustration is not exactly of the type to which we are accustomed, but it is picturesque, and characteristic of the simple people by whom it was built, and to whom it brings pleasant rural memories, as pleasant, no doubt, as our old mill brings to us.